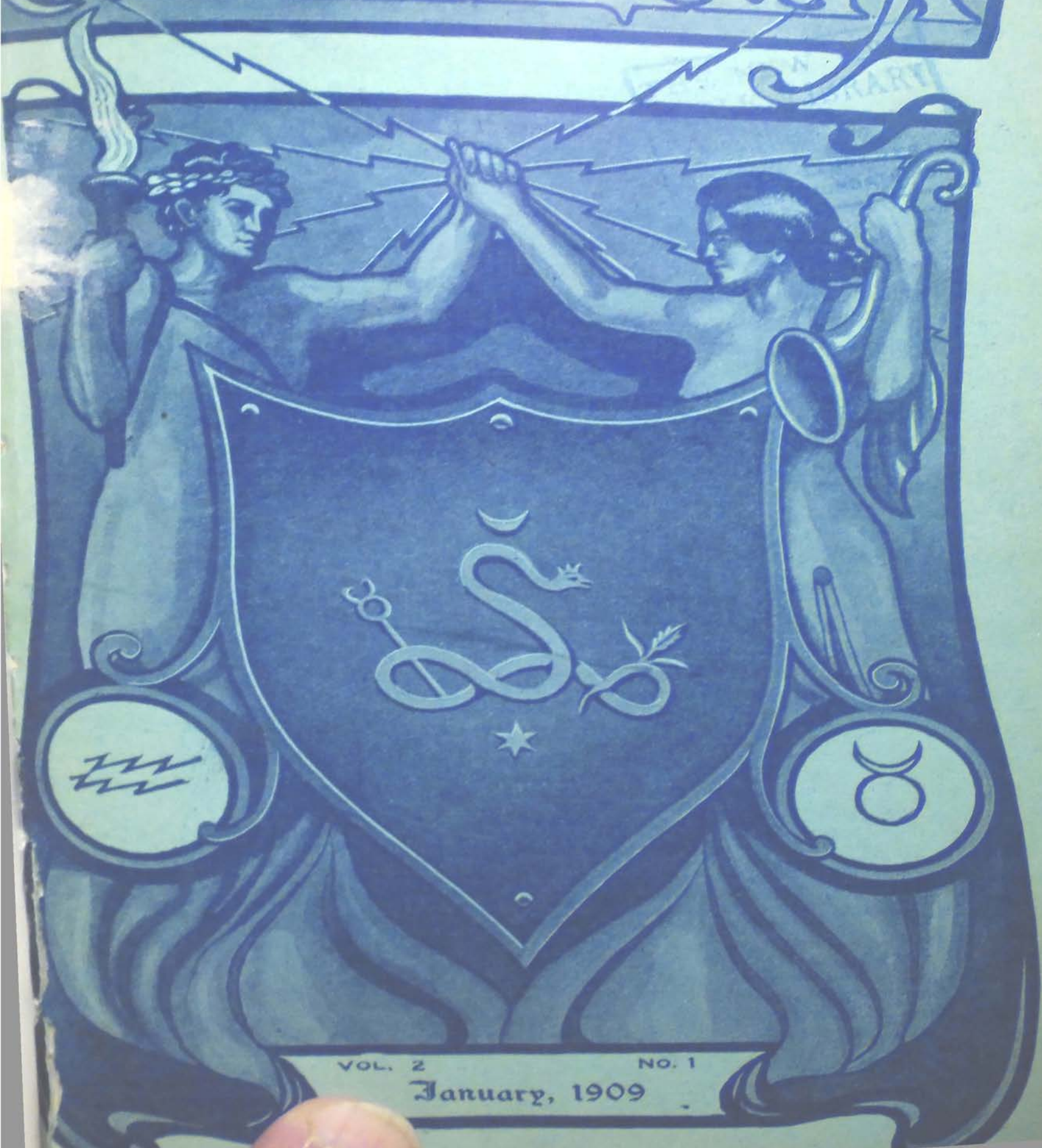


# The PHALANX



VOL. 2

NO. 1

January, 1909



# The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Indited for the Edification of the Elect by DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT.

Being an attempt to find the way in, the trail through  
and the path out.

Herein I think my thoughts aloud  
And scatter them afar  
And, if I aim above the crowd,  
And sometimes hit a star,  
It beams and streams and seems to say  
You jolted me the other day—  
But I thank you for the jar.

Acknowledging as the source of all expression, the inspiration of Egeia, the wisdom-giving Nymph of the Fountain, unless otherwise signed, all prosy and poetic patterns of pyrotechny, novel and otherwise, originate from our own teeming brain-mill. None are trade-marked, copyrighted or patented, but strangers and the weak-kneed are cautioned against monkeying with them too freely, especially in public.

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Province of the United States)





SHRI UPENDRA BHAGAVAN

# The Phalanx

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A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

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Vol. II

JANUARY

No. 1

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*And if thou canst not realize the Ideal, thou shalt at least idealize the Real.—C. S. Calverly.*

*Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,  
Durable from the dust of daily life.*

*—Stephen Phillips.*

---

## The Journey of a Soul

A soul, the vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Thought from the Eternal Mind,  
Into the dawning, conscious earth-light came,  
Itself so undefined,  
So weak and helpless, blind,  
It searched the earth for one bright ray,  
Some light to lead it on its way;  
And searched, alas!—in vain.

At last it found a merry, joyous throng,  
Of children unconcerned;  
It looked upon their play and heard their song,  
And for such joy it burned,  
And mingling, soon it learned;  
Ah, soul, thou'rt now imprisoned in the clay,  
And thou alone must plod the weary way;  
These joys, poor soul, will wane.

A youthful form it seized and stirred the heart  
With longing for achievements bold;  
A restless energy of thought it did impart,  
A wondrous tale it did unfold—  
A tale that flushed the youth when told,  
Filling his eyes with starlight's golden sheen,  
Displaying pictures that he ne'er had seen;  
And ne'er might see again.



A man in prime of years doth pass before,  
It is the selfsame face;  
But in the face and figure something more  
Is seen of added grace,  
As if another stood in place,  
Moved by the same old spirit older grown,  
The flower of manhood fully blown,  
Burst from the buds of pain.

He stands alone, his piercing dark brown eye  
Sweeps o'er the land and sea,  
And takes in all betwixt the earth and sky;  
Whatever can it be,  
That he thus strives to see?  
It is the long-sought, heavenly boon,  
That hath been promised at the noon,  
To come and to remain.

A look of holy ecstasy now o'er him steals;  
For in the horizon,  
He views the cloud approaching, and he feels,  
It is the long-sought one,  
And that the race is run;  
An angel form approaching swift is seen,  
The air is filled with cherubims between,  
Chanting a sweet refrain.



### **Dragon. Sphinx. Centaur**

BY SERAPHITA.

There are three mythological creatures the products of human imagination. The mind that directed the hand of the artist who first drew these figures had in view something which he wished to portray in such a guise that another mind having the same ideas might grasp his meaning. He might have told his story in words, but he chose a picture instead.

There is a seal, a lion, an eagle and a serpent—Nature's handiwork. Combine these three animals into one, and you have a Dragon. The head, neck and wings are of an eagle, the body of a Lion and the tail of a Ser-

pent. He is strong, subtle, volatile and full of life from beak to claw.

From Dragon to Sphinx is quite a step in the ladder of evolution. This radical transformation is brought about by death and resurrection. The Eagle's hooked beak, the fiery tongue and Serpent-tail of the Dragon symbolizing cruelty and lust, become wholly changed.

The same elements that made up the body of the one are incorporated into that of the other.

The attributes of Sex and Wisdom, which have always been assigned to the Serpent, when transformed by giving Wisdom, the dominance will allow our frightful Dragon to reincarnate as a Sphinx. And what, pray, is a Sphinx?—a mighty landmark upon life's highway and a symbol of an eternal truth. A human head and face and neck and shoulders, running down into massive lion paws where one would look for hands, and a lion's body instead of a woman's.

This figure seems to have no animation, though she is not asleep. She is simply waiting. She is on a higher plane than our Dragon, for her body is ruled by intellect and love—two attributes of God which have indeed descended from on high in order to elevate our Lion's earthy body. Our Sphinx then may represent a Royal Earth in which are embodied the forces of the animal, the mentality and electricity of the man and the magnetic love principle of the woman.

The Dragon has become the Sphinx. The subtlety shown in the Serpent's tail has passed into the strength exhibited in the powerful body and paws of this king of beasts. She is waiting for the summons to call her into action. Then, instead of repose, there will be alertness. Her paws will change into hands and in those hands there will be the man's weapon, the Bow and Arrow.

The Sphinx is now the Centaur. The Centaur possessed great wisdom and was a teacher. It requires great strength of purpose and wisdom to use *some* bows and arrows. When we look at the picture of the Centaur, we think of that other creature of the imagination, Pegasus, the winged-horse. He descends from Mount Parnassus to drink at the Pirian Spring, and



while he drinks, the man with golden bridle secures him and becomes one with him. Thus we have Horse, Eagle and Man all in one.

At first the man has all he can do just to hold his horse, but as Pegasus soon becomes tame his hands can use successfully the bow and arrows. Our Centaur then shows strength, fleetness, skill, intelligence and a knowledge which enables him to use these many qualifications. He can easily become a conqueror. Pegasus is no common horse and the man who succeeds in bridling him is no common man, and such a man on such a horse will never know defeat. His aim will be perfect.

The arrow is the most important feature shown in the picture. It can carry a malignant poison or a Balm of Gilead, according to the intention of the mind of the projector. If it is Jupiter, the Good, who hurls the thunderbolt, there will be sent broadcast a quiver of arrows whose mission is to produce life instead of death.

Dragon, Sphinx, Centaur—each has its sphere of action on an interior plane of existence. One object of all of these changes is to bring forth from chaos, an Eternal Substance, likened in the gospel unto the Kingdom of Heaven, and it again is compared to leaven, which a woman took and hid in some measures of meal until the whole was leavened. A mass of yeasty dough is of no use for food until it is baked. Then, indeed, it is a bread of life. It must be eaten, digested, and assimilated before it can become Life itself.

It is thus with our immortal Atom. When at last it is perfected, it is a seed capable of reproducing itself *ad infinitum*. Place this seed in proper soil and there will appear first the blade, then the stalk, then the tree whose leaves are medicine, then a fruit wherein is a seed. This, if planted in a Living Substance, will produce life germs in *great abundance*. If planted in melted metal, it will act like yeast, changing it atom by atom until, in place of a mass of lead, there will be one of gold. Suppose you treat this gold as Moses did the Golden Calf—melt it, grind it to dust, cast it into the water and let the Israelites drink it? The gold in *this* state is called "potable gold" and is considered by the Wise a most wonderful m



## The California Crimson Winter Rhubarb Industry

A year ago, in the initial number of *The Phalanx*, we gave our readers an account of the Crimson Winter Rhubarb industry, which, at that time was comparatively in its infancy, being with us, little more than a formulated plan and purpose.

In the interim that has elapsed since then, the plan has been elaborated and the purpose consummated to an extent fully up to our anticipations. We went into the business altogether on judgment and faith, believing that so excellent an article as Crimson Winter Rhubarb would be acceptable and find a ready sale in the Eastern markets, if it were properly produced and properly transported.

The Adiramlad Association was formed as the pioneer rhubarb growers organization, and went ahead to demonstrate the possibilities of this culture. Last spring a hundred acres of the Association's lands at Pomona were set out to rhubarb plants—a really large and expensive undertaking at best, though a great deal was saved by raising plants from seed sown the previous fall. These little plants, no larger than a pencil, set out during the spring months, by culture and irrigation made a remarkable growth. It would sound like a "fish-story" to an Easterner to be told that a tiny rhubarb seed, sprouted in February will grow into a large, thrifty plant, and inside of nine months from the time it was planted, will produce a quantity of succulent stalks. The writer has seen plants a year old that were as much as four feet in diameter, from which twenty-five pounds of rhubarb was gathered. But these are exceptional plants. Most of the plants are much smaller, and quite a good many are unproductive, having to be replaced the following year.

During the past year the Association has been making some very substantial improvements on its Pomona ranches, the more important of which may be noted as follows:

1. The sinking of a large well, 500 feet in depth, and

the installation of a fine pumping plant, which lifts forty miners inches (a "miner's inch" being equal to a nine-gallon discharge of water per minute), having an incessant flow. It is run by a motor of thirty-five horsepower. This pumping plant is situated on the highest point of the company's lands, and irrigates by gravity about seventy-five acres of rhubarb. In connection with this plant there has been laid about a mile of underground cement piping, which carries the water to every part of the land. At intervals of twenty feet, are placed upright stands through which the water is brought to the surface and distributed, while at larger distances are "turn-outs"—larger stands with gates for the purpose of diverting the water in any desired direction. This admirable system is in general use on all up-to-date fruit ranches in California.

2. The erection of a fine, large packing house, to which the Salt Lake railroad is putting in a spur track, so that the product of the several ranches can be easily concentrated, packed and shipped direct East.

3. The building of a large barn, with shed, stables and corrals for the company's tools and teams.

With these several improvements, the company is now well fixed to carry on its business independently and successfully.

It was early perceived by the management, that two things chiefly were requisite in order to make this business a complete success: 1. The production of a superior grade and quality of rhubarb. 2. The proper distribution and marketing of the same.

Profiting by the experience of other growers and shippers, the Association decided that in some manner it must have its own agencies in the East, through which its products should be exclusively handled. Ordinary dealers do not have the facilities for extensive distribution, and more than this, it was necessary that someone who had a personal and pecuniary interest in the business should superintend the distribution of the product. To this end, and in order to most efficiently carry out the purposes of our organization, a special distributing company was incorporated in the East, known as The



Phalanx Company, having offices in Los Angeles, Philadelphia and New York.

Mr. Comly Shoemaker, the president, and Mr. Harry A. Jamison, the secretary of this company, spent several months last year in California looking over the situation carefully and learning everything of immediate interest and advantage to the company. Returning East, they proceeded to inaugurate an advertising campaign which has been so excellently carried out that Crimson Winter Rhubarb, previously unknown in the Eastern markets, is now thoroughly introduced to the trade, by which it is already regarded as a valuable accession to the list of winter products, and a specialty destined to become very popular.

Be it understood that it is no small work to create a demand for an unknown and untried article of commerce. It is not enough to simply offer it for sale. The attention of people must be repeatedly called to it through various forms of advertisement in order that its merits become known and appreciated. Like every other new thing it has to "make a hit" with the public, for to the public it has to look for its success. Sometimes it takes years to accomplish a work of this kind, and again success comes more suddenly.

Take into consideration the fact that up to six months ago the East had never seen a stalk of Crimson Winter Rhubarb, having no idea of its existence. All the Eastern varieties of rhubarb, of course, die down, becoming dormant in winter and only appear in the markets in the late spring and summer months. Crimson Winter, on the contrary, is an everlasting grower, being at its prime in mid-winter. Not only that, but it has very many superior qualities to differentiate it from the common sorts of rhubarb.

First, and most noticeable, is the deep red color of the stalk, which when cooked makes a beautiful crimson sauce, very attractive in appearance.

Second, its entire absence from stringiness and the astringent, muddy taste, so characteristic of the ordinary varieties of rhubarb.

Third, its superb flavor—tart, fruity and delicious.



more like a fruit than a vegetable, so much so that it is known as a "Vegetable-Fruit."

All these points of excellence have been brought out and emphasized in the advertisement of the "Red Rhubarb," as it is now known to the Eastern trade, so that it has jumped into favor and is in good demand wherever it has been introduced. The Phalanx Company control the markets of Philadelphia and New York, and, using these as distributing centers, are reaching out to Pittsburg, Baltimore, Boston, and all the cities of the East. It is believed in time that the demand for this rhubarb will be very great, and that it will become as staple as asparagus or celery.

So much for the market end. Now comes the matter of supply, which at the present time is probably nowhere equal to the demand. In a way, this is fortunate for the present growers, since it will tend at the outset to keep up the price of the product.

The Association received its first order for a car of rhubarb early in December, almost before we were ready for it. Our packinghouse was not quite complete, and the railroad spur was not yet in, but we rushed around and succeeded in filling the order on the fifteenth. It was quite an undertaking, and there were lots of details to work out, and lots of things to learn by experience. It took about forty hands four days to pick and pack the car. The harvesting is probably the most expensive part of the business.

If we simply pulled and packed everything in the field, throwing the stalks loosely into boxes—as is the customary way of gathering the product here for the local markets—it would be far less expensive and take but a fraction of the time. But we do it another way—a way that is far more attractive, and one that insures the satisfactory condition and appearance of the goods on arrival in the Eastern markets.

The rhubarb is very carefully selected, only the very finest, firmest, and most perfect stalks being shipped. First the pullers are trained to pull only the very best, then the toppers who trim off all but about three inches of the leaf reject any imperfect stalks they find, then,



after the rhubarb is carried to the packing house, trained sorters examine critically every stalk for defects, and throw out as "seconds," all that are broken or scarred in any way. Much of the rejected rhubarb is perfectly good and is taken up by the local markets at a good price. Later on, we expect to arrange to can or preserve the broken stems or from the juice manufacture either wine or vinegar. Rhubarb is said to make a sparkling wine of exquisite flavor comparable to champagne.

Passing from the sorting tables, the rhubarb goes to the bunchers, who gather into a bunch from four to six stalks, according to size, wrapping each in a crimson-colored wrapper containing printed directions for use, which is tied with a green cord at both ends, making a very neat and attractive package indeed. On the Coast, rhubarb is sold loose and weighed out to the customer, but in the East everything of this sort is required to be bunched.

We have a special crate for our rhubarb which is made to hold just thirty-six bunches. The crates are slatted top and bottom for ventilation, and are double-lined with paper to protect the fruit from the air and the temperature in transit.

The work of pulling, gathering and packing is carried on so systematically and swiftly that the stalks are never allowed to wilt, going into the refrigerator car as fresh as when they leave the field, and reports show that they arrive in very perfect condition.

The object of icing the cars is more for protection against the cold than anything else. In crossing the mountains the cold is often intense, and unless the cars were pre-iced and kept at a normal temperature, everything would be liable to freeze. The cars go by fast freight and reach their destination in about twelve days.

I forgot to speak of our label which is a real work of art, being a lithographic reproduction in five colors of a large and beautiful rhubarb plant drawn from life by our special artist.

A second car of rhubarb was shipped from Pomona on the 19th day of December, and then an unusual thing happened—something that has not occurred here for



years. Southern California was visited by a very severe cold wave which lasted nearly two weeks. For several nights the thermometer dropped to 27° and one night considerably lower in places. All the rhubarb fields were, of course, frozen and this happened for several nights in succession, yet the plants sustained no permanent injury whatever. After every freeze, as soon as the sun came up and shone upon the plants for an hour or so, all evidences of frost disappeared, and the stems and leaves straightened up as fresh as ever. This shows the remarkable recuperative power of Crimson Winter Rhubarb, as well as the potency of the California sunshine—the sunshine which keeps the flowers in blossom all winter long, and produces strawberries and many other fruits and vegetables out of season.

There are really few places in California that are absolutely frostless, but it is rare that more than two or three light frosts occur in succession. The cold wave has now entirely subsided, and beautiful weather is again here. The warm rains are starting in and our plants are putting out a rapid new growth of beautiful red stalks, much finer than our first crop, although this was pronounced splendid at the other end of the line. We shall very soon resume shipping again.

In the meantime, we have collected from the fields of several small growers at Ventura, another car of rhubarb which is now on its way East and due to arrive about the 15th.

Ventura is one of the few frostless sections of the State. Not a particle of frost was experienced there during the last cold spell, which is a good test. The Association has recently acquired a very finely located eighty-acre tract of land there, twenty acres of which has already been set to rhubarb that will mature the coming season. It is designed to plant the balance of the land to rhubarb and to lemons, to which the soil and climate of this valley are peculiarly adapted. The company has also purchased a packing-house site on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, quite near and accessible to their other properties, which will in future afford them excellent shipping facilities from that point.



There are at present about fifty acres of rhubarb grown at Ventura, in small acreages and patches. Little attention has been given there as yet to scientific culture. One reason for this is that it grows in that locality without much irrigation, receiving moisture from the fogs, and attaining a remarkable size and color.

Crimson Winter Rhubarb is a hybrid—a cross between the Australian variety, a partial winter grower, and the Canaigre, or wild rhubarb of California. From the former it gets its size and succulence, from the latter, its flavor, color, and its root system by which it is enabled to endure the heat of our summers.

Let it not be supposed that Crimson Winter Rhubarb can be perfectly grown anywhere without great care and considerable expense. If allowed to grow wild and spontaneously, it goes profusely to seed and soon deteriorates. It should have very careful and intelligent culture from start to finish. Only a very few growers have taken the proper pains with it. A great work has got to be done in plant selection in order to bring the plant up to the highest standard of perfection.

In going through a field of rhubarb, an experienced eye will readily distinguish a number of distinct strains or varieties. Some of these are fine, and need to be retained, and many should be eliminated. From the ideal, blood-red plants the grower should breed up both by seed and root-cuttings until at last he has a perfect field of the most desirable variety. At present, many growers of seed for the market, are accustomed to be very careless or indifferent as to what plants they gather the seed from. For this reason, those who buy seed and attempt to raise their own plants are likely to have many that are very inferior.

Another point that is not generally understood, and one that only experience will teach, is that only young roots should be set out. When the plants are about six months old, they will average about the size of a lead pencil, or a little larger. That is the choice size to set, in order to secure quick returns. Old plants when transplanted do not do well at all. The tap root has to be cut and it takes the plant too long to recover. The stalks from such plants are small and spindling.

A great many people are now becoming interested in the culture of rhubarb, since the Association has gone into it with so much confidence and on such an extended scale, and the interest will become greater when it is known that a good market has been opened up for it in the East through the efforts of the Phalanx Company.

I do not anticipate, however, that the production will be ever overdone for two reasons: 1. It takes patience, time, and incidentally considerable outlay to gain the requisite experience to grow it successfully and at a profit. 2. The demand for it is bound to increase the more widely it becomes known, and it will be to the interest of the large companies now handling it to push it vigorously, and create a substantial market for it.

The Association is preparing to put out an increased acreage at Pomona, and more at Ventura, believing that a great deal more will be demanded by the East another season. It is too early to state how long the season of shipment will be for rhubarb, but we think it will last about five months, beginning about Thanksgiving and closing the latter part of May.

And all this vast enterprise is the result of a Thought conceived by the writer three years ago, and after the thought the formation of a Plan, and after the plan, Work, and withal *Faith*, without which nothing in this world was ever yet brought into realization. Speak the word and it shall happen!

"They also serve who stand and wait"—

But better, enter thou the Gate,

And work thy passage to the palace,

Else thou'lt ne'er quaff the Golden Chalice."



### Invertebrate Heroism

LONDON, Jan. 1.—Forcing her way into the squalid lodging of the husband who had vicariously sacrificed himself in order that his wife might become the companion of his best friend, Mrs. Anthony Strong today found her husband hanging from a hook on the wall. He had recently committed suicide on New Year's Eve.



Strong was the son of a wealthy Bristol clergyman, and was 22 years of age. His wife was a Miss Phylis Blake. She is 18 years of age and of great beauty. They had been married only three weeks when he allowed her to desert him.

Young Strong was the chum and classmate at Oxford of Reginald Blake, gifted and brilliant scion of a noted family.

Last September, Strong, who had fallen in love with the beautiful Miss Blake, who, by a singular coincidence, bore the same name as his chum, after a short courtship, married her. Young Blake acted as best man at his friend's nuptials. Blake continued to be on the friendliest terms with the young married couple. Suddenly Strong, according to testimony brought out at a coroner's inquest today, discovered that his wife had fallen in love with his handsome friend.

Just three weeks after the marriage, and after a confession by the wife, young Strong permitted her to desert him for Blake's sake. Strong even went further and voluntarily contributed most of his liberal income to his wife's support, his friend, Blake, having fallen on hard times.

Finding that his wife was infatuated with Blake, Strong undoubtedly decided to end his life and leave them free to wed.—*News Item*.

Here was a man, Strong by name, and strong by nature—but he had a weak place in his back-bone. No doubt it was pride that caused the tragic ending, and possibly pride may yet bring about other tragic endings in the same affair. But the incident starts out bravely. It appeals to us as noble, because it involves self-sacrifice. We all admire an exhibition of self-sacrifice, but we hesitate to make it. After all, the noblest thing about this incident to me is the display of extraordinary and unusual common sense exhibited on the part of the man in allowing the lady in the case freedom of choice. It is very much like the story of Ruskin and Millet, only Ruskin found no use for the halter—perhaps he had the sense to realize that he became free from the halter in passing his wife on to his friend. In those countries

where Romantic Love has not yet been born, it is a very common practice to trade wives, as it is to sell daughters. But with us the Conjugal Ideal has been galvanized by selfish sentiment and sensitized by morbid pride until the very thought of being deprived of something that we have come to consider as a proprietary attachment, and one essential to our personal happiness and support, is excruciating and horrible to contemplate. We seldom will relinquish it willingly or gracefully or magnanimously as did our sad hero in this tale. No, we will hold on to it in spite of L, be the consequences what they may. We will deafen our ears to the admonition that unrequited love is a curse, and ends in cursing and cussedness generally. Experience proves it, history proclaims it, and yet we refuse to acknowledge it, and go on holding to wives that hate us, and who drag out existences like bonded slaves. And if they happen to have the strength of character to resist or rebel—if they ever break from their enforced and hateful bondage, we pursue them with pistols and knives, slaying their paramours and creating a notorious hubbub and then lay back for justification of our vendetti and brutality upon "The Unwritten Law." Thank heaven such a law was never written, and never will be. But since the Thaw-White tragedy, all over the country we hear of people sallying forth with malice aforethought and deadly intent, waving smoking pistols over the lifeless forms of the victims of their vengeance and making their defense before the courts on the plea of "The Unwritten Law." Not long ago a timid woman, a mature woman of a family, a widow versed in the ways of the world and the wiles of men, followed a man who had refused to give her a definite marriage-promise into the streets of Los Angeles and shot him dead, and the courts brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide!" Just the other day a brother of a school girl similarly executed vengeance on the lover of his young sister, because improper intimacy was suspected. Such things happen daily in the ranks of the demi-monde, we expect it. But, among advanced types we are surprised at such exhibitions, showing as it clear-



ly does, a reversion to primitive instincts. When matters sexual are not beslimed by degenerates and befouled by debauchees, when sexual impulses cease to be looked upon as unholy and sinful unless sanctified and licensed by the priest, when the budding fancies and imagination of the young no longer run riot in secret because of the scarlet blanket of mystery that is thrown over life and its issues, inciting curiosity, arousing morbid imaginings, and leading to hazardous experimentation, with the only results that can be expected from ignorance and a soul on fire—when, I say, we as a people are wise enough and strong enough to unyoke our minds from priestly dictation and religious prejudice, and unsaddle the body politic from churchly, (speciously called “Christian”) domination, so that we are enabled to perceive the horrible hypocrisy that sits in high places pandering to things that abide in low places, and perceive that the only remedy for this monstrous abortion of truth and righteousness lies in Freedom, *individual freedom*, then may we hope to see our World-Jungle become a habitable place for reasonable human beings.

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Genius is a strange, intangible force. It is an indefinable, peculiar something that possesses a certain class of extraordinary human beings and gives vent to itself in a manner that impresses and confounds mortals.

—E. S. Brown.



### From the Master Word

“One can live two lives at once. One of them is down in the press and strain, down in the mire often. It is all hedged in with narrowness and pain, and it touches everything that it can help. It cannot draw back from anything, and it can see nothing, understand nothing, but the day's clamor and need. If it is your only life, it is terrible. But even as one struggles there, one may live another life, high and lifted up. It is above time, and every moment it looks back toward the unseen beginning and forward toward the unseen end. It sees

that the other life has its rightful place, and it pours strength and hope into it. It is above all strife or change. Only the free souls reach it, those who accept the Law. And they are all of one race who climb there; down in the other life there may be Jew and Greek, rich and poor, bond and free; but the soul can live where none of these things may come. \* The souls of slaves have found that life and revelled in it while they did their master's will; and the souls of emperors have found freedom there and because of it have been willing to live and reign."

L. B. HAMMOND.

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Do not waste a minute—not a second—in trying to demonstrate to others the merit of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you cannot vindicate it.

—T. W. Henderson.



### **Sitting Up and Taking Notice**

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Please find enclosed P. O. Order for one dollar for another "dozen" of the *Phalanxes*. Yours in love.

W.

Enclosed find Money Order for \$1.00—year's subscription for *The Phalanx*. It is a good thing—push it.

R. H.

I have received the first three numbers of your journal, *The Phalanx*, and I think it is great. I am surely glad to get in touch with the writings of "Adiramled" once more.

W. S.

I was a subscriber to "Adiramled" and was very glad to be remembered and thought worthy to receive *The Phalanx*. Having sampled it and liking the flavor, I have decided to try a case. To that end, apply the funds hidden in this.

Daniel.



"They will always interest me because I love the inner being in the shell you would preserve indefinitely."

E. G.

"Your letter and valuable Journal received. We find is beyond comparison. A pearl of great price, to them that seek and find."

P. K.

"Lest auld acquaintance be forgot, I must have another dozen in installments of the 'ravings and ramblings,' for which find enclosed green trading stamp.

We want *The Phalanx*, and I am writing you now in appreciation of every word of it. Never was there in print more acceptable teaching than that which has come from your pen, no matter what its form.

Caroline.

Inclosed one dollar for one year's subscription to *The Phalanx*. I'm so glad you continue and only for one dollar. I would not know what I should do without it. I like it as much as I do my meals. If the price was ever so much, I should find a way to obtain it. I would consider five dollars cheap for it.

G. L.

One thing I devoutly pray is that the day may never come when you no longer need this *Phalanx* safety valve. I read the delightful letters which you receive from other readers and print, and wish I could express all that your writings are to me. Here's to many Happy New Year to you, and many more and more glorious Phalanxes to us.

E.

Dear *Phalanx*:—Yes, yes, go on, do. I send my little clean paper dollar, not only cheerfully but enthusiastically. So many things I feel to be true when I can't seem to know them intellectually. Each number of *The Phalanx* is better than the last. It is a Grand Staircase going up step by step. You must have the "Key to the Rainbow," that George McDonald writes of in one of his wonderful Fairy Tales, so you can open the door at

the foot of it, and go up inside. Go on. We'll try to gain the "entrance" also, all of us who are ready.

L. N.

### TO DELMAR.

Yours is the true joy of the Xmas tide—  
Happiness—which will forever abide;  
Bringing you endless Love, fruition true;  
Just reward for the *great* good done by you.  
"Always with you."

Emma.

Greetings and all good wishes for this 1909 to you and yours and at the same time please find enclosed one dollar for the renewal of my subscription to *The Phalanx*. —Did I get anything vital out of the thoughts expressed? —If a greater desire to know the Truth that makes us free and a longing for the Immortal Consciousness with what now and then seems ever so faint a glimpse through the veil, only to find myself seemingly just so far away from the truth as before, still believing that immortal consciousness will and is mine and will make me free when I come to the understanding of it when I graduate from the School of Wisdom—then I have received much. Do not give up *The Phalanx*.

M. T.

### HATS OFF.

I doubt if in the wide world to-day there is another writer in the field of occult and progressive literature who measures up to such magnificent standards in so many lines as does Delmar DeForest Bryant. Friend Bryant is an astrologer of no mean ability—an alchemist, or at least well versed in the lore and traditions of the ancient alchemists—a poet of unquestioned merit—and a philosopher of an extremely rational and practical type. If you want to read something that will stir your emotions to their very depths, just send 20 cents for the September and October numbers of his *Phalanx*, and read his thoughts on Passion, Love and the "Sublime Ecstasy."

—Frank Allen.

The instinctive fear of old age and death is proof that these should not exist.

—Metchnikow.



## Rare Epigrams

The following epigrams are taken from "A Woman's Confessional," the authoress of which was Helen Woljeska, whose early life was spent on a magnificent Bohemian estate in Austria. She came to this country and exchanged her luxurious life for a home in a lonely farmhouse.

Being a woman of education, with high accomplishments and ardent temperament, she was unable to endure her life, fled to the city and engaged in art studies. She died young, unhappy and unmarried. Her writing breathes the tragedy of woman's disappointment, but voices the deepest of all truth—that gained from experience.

"Whatever you may be—be perfectly. Whatever you may possess—enjoy perfectly. Whatever you may regret—forget perfectly.

Live while there is a chance—soon, soon, soon it will be too late.

Make the most of the present moment. It is the only time you have to live. The past is only a shadow and the future a dream.

So much is certain: I will live, I will not vegetate.

If it is true that there are two kinds of affection, one for the woman he loves and one for the woman he respects—I will never be respectable.

I would rather find beauties in something plain, than blemishes in something beautiful.

I do not believe in self-sacrifice, and self-abnegation. It is foolish, and a mistake. Here is what I believe: "For God is paid when man receives—to enjoy is to obey." And Goethe: "Du sollst wirken, nicht, dich aufopfern."

I prefer the people who are unusual, even in a disagreeable way, to the commonplace.

Everyone should decide on his own code of honor and morals—not follow blindly those who have gone before.

Don't bother about the others. Be yourself. There will always be some to approve and some to disapprove—no matter what you do or don't do.

Rather than pitied I would be hated any time.

Few people dare to be themselves and do and say things natural to themselves—that other people don't and they themselves used not to do. One is constantly making slavish—or sleepy—concessions to custom and habit.

I hate all compromises. It must be: Everything—or nothing.

I think if a man and woman live together because they love each other, they do right. And if they live together without love, they do wrong—under all circumstances.

Be always pleasant to look at and attractive to talk to. But do not give your thoughts to everybody. Keep your best for the best.

You grow "old"—not so much when you have lived many years, but when you have not lived them.

Pleasures whose price is out of proportion to their value, are called vices.

A man who lives on his wife's money must not scoff at a kept woman.

When people marry they usually expect to become extremely happy through each other. But the point is to become happy in spite of each other.

Those who have too much must be pitied with those who have too little.

Even if you do the wrong thing—do it the right way—which is never half-hearted.

If you do not wish to suffer you must not enjoy either. The two are inseparable. And if you enjoy much you must suffer much—and if you suffer little you will enjoy little, because everything is in proportion.

A man likes you for what you think of yourself. A woman likes you for what you think of her.

Tact is kindness with brains.

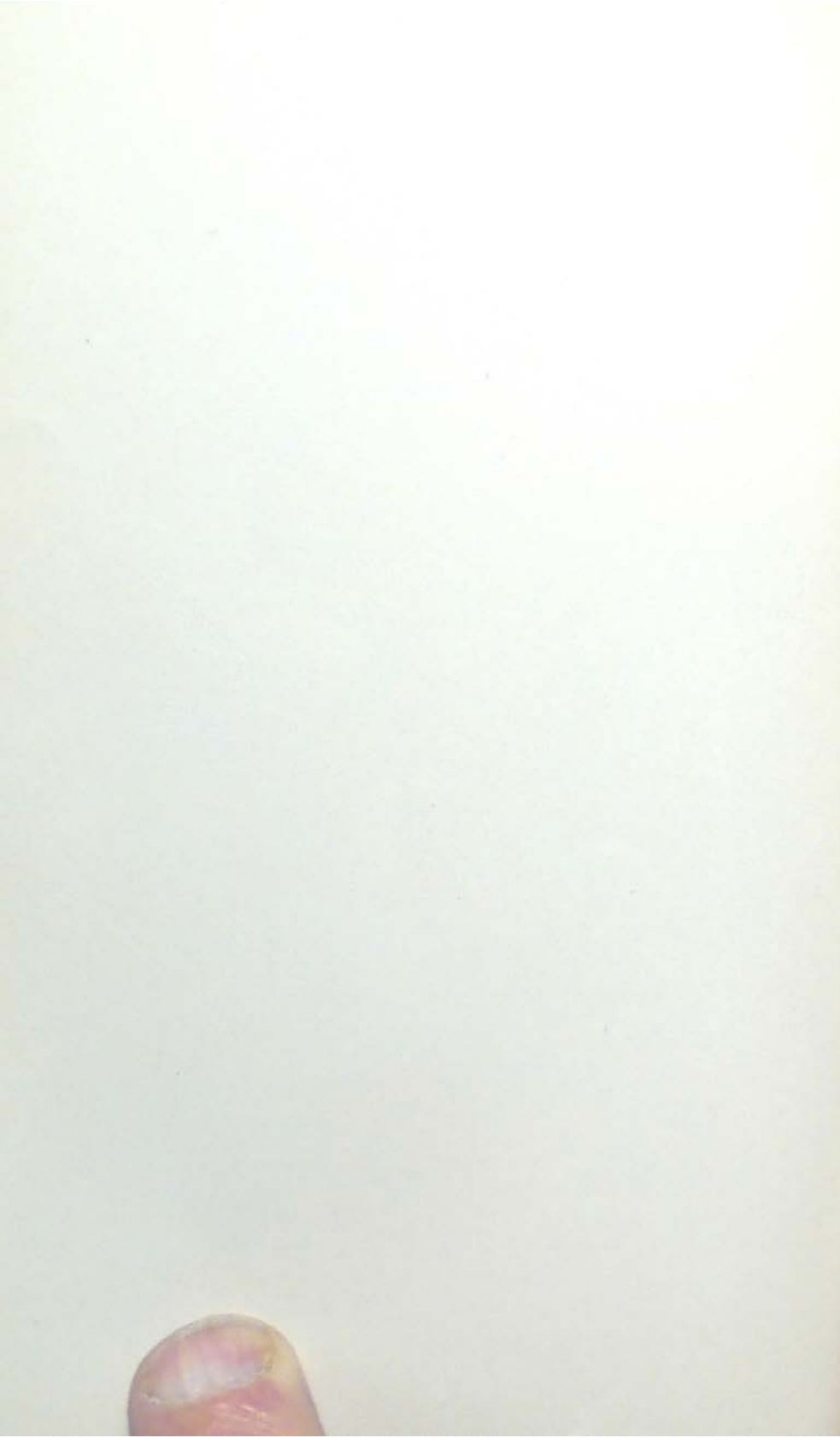
A man can be either good or bad, strong or weak, honest or deceitful, noble or vulgar. But a woman can be both at the same time.

My god is beauty. My joy is joy.



We present as the frontispiece of this month's issue, the likeness of our esteemed contemporary, fellow-worker and student, Shri Upendra Bhagavan of Baroda, one of the foremost leaders of advanced thought and ethical culture in India.

Upendra is a fine example and representative of that type of intelligent and high minded individuals who appear in this world as the embodiment of truthful ideals and lofty purposes, who find the greatest pleasure and progress in life to consist in self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion to the interests and well-being of others.





# The Order of the Phalanx

## OUR CREED.

We believe in FREEDOM—free Thought, free Speech, free Action, free Love, free Life—EVERYTHING FREE.

We believe in granting freely to every man and woman the freedom we claim for ourselves.

We believe in the freedom of women from men, and men from women—absolute social independence.

We also believe in the freedom of men and women from themselves.

We believe in the rule of the INTELLIGENT MINORITY.

We believe that truth and justice and virtue are the normal offspring of intelligence, having nothing whatever to do with any religious training or moral restraints.

We believe that crime and criminals increase in direct proportion to their recognition and the effort put forth to suppress them.

We believe the thou-shalt-nots of the decalogue have instigated more malfeasance, and led to more transgression of natural law and order, than all the original sin in Adam's race.

We believe that the highest, the noblest, the purest and the sweetest realizations possible in life come through counterparted companionship of a man and a woman mentally and physically mated and related.

TO FIND THIS IS TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THE REST.

What's the earth  
With all its art, verse, music, worth—  
Compared with love, found, gained, and  
kept?

—Browning.

